At London bridge is nothing neere her

Petruc: How gott she tongue?

Soph. As you gott tayle, she was borne toot.

Petru. Lockt out a doores, and on my wedding night,
nay and I suffer this I may goe graze.
come gentlemen, Ile batter, are these vertues?

Soph Doe, and be beaten of with shame as I was.
I went vp, came to the doore, knockd, no body answerd,
knockd lowder, yet had nothing, would haue
broke in by force: when suddainly a water worke
flew from the windore with such a violence
that had I not duckd quickly like a fryer, cetera quis nescit?
the chamber's nothing but a meere Ostend,
in euery windore pewter canons mounted,
youle quickly find with what they are chargd Sir.

Petru. Why then Tantara for vs.

Sopho. & all the lower workes lynd sure with small shot,
long tongs with fire-locks that at 12 score blanck
hit to the hart, now and you deare goe vp.— Enter Maria and Bianca [above]

Moro. The windore opens, beate a parly first,
I am so much amazd my very haire stand.

Petron Why, how now daughter, what Intrenchts?

Maria A little guardid for my safety Sir.

Petru. For your safety sweet-hart, why, who offends you?
I comme not to vse violence.

Mari. I thinke you cannot Sir, I am better fortified.

Petru. I know your end, you would fayne reprive your mayden head
a night or two.

Mari. Yis,
or ten, or twenty Sir, or say a hundred
or indeed till I list lye with you.

Sophocles.

Soph. That's a shrewd saying, from this howre
I will neuer beleeue a silent woman.
when they breake out they are bon-fires.

Petron. Till you list lye with him? why who are you Madam

Bian: That trimme gentlemans wife Sir.

Petru: Crie ye mercy, doe ye command too?

Mari. Yis mary doth shee, and in cheefe.

Bian. I doe command, and you shall goe without
I meane your wife, for this night.

Mari. And for the next too wench, and so as't followes.

Petro. Thou wilt not, wilt a?

Mari Yes indeed deare father,
& till he seales to what I shall sett downe
for anie thing I know for euer.

Soph. Birlady these are buggs words.

Tran. You heare her Sir, she can talke heauen be thanked.

Petru. I would I heard it not

Soph I find that all the pitty bestowed vpon this woman,
makes but an anagramme of an ill wife
for she was neuer vertuous.

Petru. Youle lett me in I hope, for all this iesting?

Mari Hope still Sir.

Petro. You will come downe I am sure.

Mari I am sure I will not.

Petro. Ile fetch you then.

Bian. The power of the whole County cannot Sir,
vnlesse we please to yeld, which yet I thinke
we shall not, charge when you please, you shall
heare quickly from vs.

Moro. Heauen blesse me from a chicken of thy hatching

Petru. Prethee Maria tell me whats the reason